

The Ypsilantian

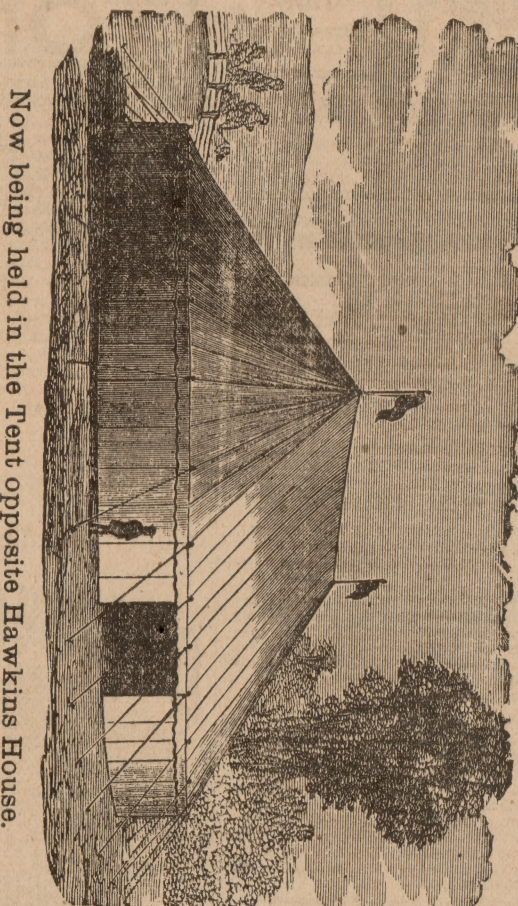
EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

NUMBER 395.

MAX ISAAC REICH AND THOS. D. W. MUIR.

Week nights, Saturday excepted, at 7.45. Sunday at 3 and 7.30.



Evangelistic Meetings!

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.
SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITH, - - - PERRY E. POWERS.)

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THE NEW BANK BLOCK—The building of the new bank block on the corner of Huron and Congress streets, which has been delayed by reason of the revisions of the plans first contemplated for the structure, will commence next week, if the contractors can make their arrangements to that effect. The block will be as handsome in all respects as under the original plans, but will be erected for about \$2000 less, under the plans finally adopted.

A FATAL DRINK—The home of Mr. Andrew Gale of Superior was visited by an unexpected and sudden affliction last Friday evening that left it sad and distressed indeed. His little boy, two years of age, entered a room where medicines of different kinds had been stored, while unobserved by other members of the family, and getting hold of a bottle containing carbolic acid swallowed enough of the poison to cause its death in a few hours. The child was a bright little one, a favorite with all, and the sorrow caused by its death is shared by the entire community in which Mr. and Mrs. Gale reside.

HORSE STOLEN—Tuesday morning a gentleman registered at the Follett House under the name of C. H. Wilson of Detroit and represented himself to be a commercial traveler for a dry goods house. In the afternoon he asked for a rig to drive around town and the clerk telephoned to Neat's. John Chapman sent over one of the blacks. About four o'clock the rig was driven by the barn and this time a couple of strangers were in. John went home early and Frank Neat was not worried till early in the morning as he supposed they had probably gone to Ann Arbor. By this time the thieves had obtained a good start and up to this morning no trace of them had been found after leaving Belleville.

THE TENT MEETINGS—As announced last week, gospel meetings began in a tent opposite the Hawkins House Sunday afternoon, conducted by Thos. D. W. Muir and Max Isaac Reich, the latter being referred to as "the converted Jew." The meetings are conducted after the usual plan of gospel meetings, with singing, praying, preaching, and pleadings for the unconverted to forsake their sins. As said by Mr. Muir Sunday evening, they are not eloquent nor especially interesting, but they seem very much in earnest, the "converted Jew" being as demonstrative and seemingly excitable as the senior exhorter of a Methodist amen-corner. No admission is charged to the meetings, the evangelists evidently expecting their compensations in private gifts from whoever may deem their services worthy of remuneration.

THAT AWFUL LAW AGAIN—A new and interesting phase of the inter-state commerce law is developed in connection with the excursion of the colored people to Detroit and Brighton Beach, next Monday. Mr. A. C. Foster and J. R. Johnson inaugurated arrangements for the excursion, as a private enterprise, guaranteed a certain number of passengers at a fixed rate and were compelled to make an advance payment of fifty dollars. After the excursion train had been secured, and the date and hours of its arrival and departure fixed and advertised, three other colored men applied for cars to be attached to the same train, at the same rate, and in spite of the seeming injustice thus done to the gentlemen who first ordered the train, the provision of the new law forbidding discrimination compels the railroad company to provide the cars, and a double-headed excursion will be the result. Foster and Johnson will take their passengers from this city to Brighton Beach and Manhattan and return for ninety cents, and the proprietors of the other end of the train will sell tickets to Detroit and return for eighty cents.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Green Oak, at five o'clock Tuesday evening of this week, occurred the marriage of Mr. Fred W. Coe to Miss Lizzie Granger. The bridegroom is the junior member of the firm of Coe Brothers, publishers of the Ypsilanti Commercial, and it can be truly said of him that he is as good as he is handsome, and Fred is the handsomest newspaper man in this county. Mr. and Mrs. Coe will spend this week at the lake resorts in the northern part of the state, and will take up their residence here next week, on Adams street. The most cordial congratulations of THE YPSILANTIAN are extended to the young newspaper man and his bride.

Mr. F. D. Davis, of Neenah, who has been spending a few weeks here, departed for Hillsdale, Monday, accompanied by his sister, Miss Eva. They expect to start soon for the upper peninsula, via the lakes.

Obituary.

MRS. FANNIE SHIPMAN.

A sudden touch from the hand of death it was that came to Mrs. Richard Shipman, of this city, Wednesday of last week. She arose between five and six o'clock, seeming as well as usual, and was busily engaged in preparing the breakfast when her husband left the kitchen to milk the cow. He was gone but a short time, and was startled and shocked when he returned to find his wife lying on the kitchen-floor, seemingly dead. Mr. Shipman called her name, entreating her to speak to him, and though the stricken woman partly opened her eyes and made an effort to respond, no sound came from her lips, nor did she ever speak again. She had been seized with a fatal affliction of the heart, and died about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Shipman was seventy years of age, being born in Hunter, New York, in 1817. She was married to Richard Shipman at Windham, N. Y., in 1842, and came to Ypsilanti in 1860. One son was born to them, Mr. D. W. Shipman, who resides here. The funeral services occurred Friday afternoon, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. McCorkle. Mrs. Shipman had been a member of the Presbyterian church since her childhood, and her life was a constant and helpful example of Christian effort and attainment. Death came to her sudden and unheralded, but the summons came not to one that feared it or from it shrank, but rather as the fulfillment of promises long trusted, the answer to hopes and prayers many times repeated.

Mrs. Geo. Van Tassel died last Thursday evening of asthma consumption and was buried Sunday. She left a pair of twin babies one of which died Tuesday and the other is not expected to live.

George Strawhacker, an old fireman, died last evening of consumption.

Next Week's Races.

"You can tell the readers of The Ypsilantian that we are going to have the best races here next week ever given in this state, outside of Detroit," was the suggestion made by Jos. Sanders, president of the Ypsilanti Horse Association, yesterday evening.

"There are between twenty and thirty horses now on the ground," he continued, "and we expect to have about one hundred there by Saturday evening. We had ninety entries last year, and are assured of at least one hundred and twenty for our next week's races; and we're going to have speedier horses too."

From the above observations it can be seen that the outlook for a successful horse meeting at the fair grounds here next week, commencing Tuesday, August 2, and closing Friday evening, are such as highly elate the officers and members of the Ypsilanti Association. Many new stalls are being built to accommodate the increased number of horses expected, and the track, already one of the best in the state, is being further improved. The program of the races, with the total purse for each race, is as follows:

TUESDAY.	
No. 1—3:00 Class, Trotting.....	Purse, \$300.
No. 2—3:30 Class, Trotting.....	Purse, 300.
WEDNESDAY.	
No. 3—2:30 Class, Pacing.....	Purse, \$250.
No. 4—3 Year-Old Colt Race.....	Purse, 150.
No. 5—3:25 Class, Trotting.....	Purse, 300.
THURSDAY.	
No. 6—2:30 Class, Trotting.....	Purse, \$300.
No. 7—4 Year-Old Colt Race.....	Purse, 150.
No. 8—Free-for-All Race.....	Purse, 250.
FRIDAY.	
No. 9—Free-for-All Trotting.....	Purse, \$300.
No. 10—2:40 Trotting.....	Purse, 300.

Admission to the races will be 50 cents, grand stand free. The view from the grand stands take in every foot of the track and enables the race patrons to see all the races from the start to the finish.

Mr. Evan Essery, a member of the Normal class of '87, who has been residing here during the past school year, left for his former home at Elmer, Mich., Tuesday morning. Mr. Essery has secured the Principalship of the Luther schools for next year.

Mrs. Frank Potter and daughter Belle, left Monday morning for New York City, where they will make an extended visit.

Forest Ebling, now in the employ of the Michigan Car Works, as book-keeper, at Detroit, is spending this week with his parents here.

Salem.

Mr. Albeck Whedon, one of Salem's former residents, died last week from the effects of a sunstroke.

Miss Hattie Shankland, of Ypsilanti, is visiting relatives in Salem.

Mrs. T. Wyckoff has invested in a new carriage purchased of J. Hues, of Northville.

Harvesting did not pass by without learning at least of one accident which happened to Mr. Will Andrews, an employe of Frank Bush. While binding in the field just ahead of the reaper the horses becoming frightened, suddenly started, and the guard of the reaper striking him cut his limb just above the knee.

Mr. Fred Jarvis, of Brighton, was the guest of his brother, Wilber, Sunday.

Mr. E. J. Quackenbush and wife have returned to McBride's, their future home.

Harvest is nearly over. Mrs. L. C. Quackenbush and daughter Alice, left Monday to visit relatives and friends in Ogemaw Co.

Rev. Mr. Burns, of Plymouth, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Bettis of Latham church, Sunday.

Salemites picniced at Whitmore Lake last Wednesday. An enjoyable time was reported.

There are some good bargains in plush ornaments at the Bazarette. Clearing up the stock and selling cheap.

Mere Mention.

The crickets are getting in their open air concerts every evening now.

Watermelons are ripening and the small boy is having an extension made in his waistband.

The Ypsilanti Cricket Club went to Grand Rapids Wednesday and scooped the local club to the tune of 152 to 122. Last Monday, S. Parson's horse took a little excursion all to himself. As a result the buggy is somewhat demoralized.

Washtenaw county has 260 persons on the most perfect portrait of the late N. M. Thompson, which can be seen in Comstock's window.

Dr. F. K. Owen has taken up his residence in his new house on Adams street. It is a handsome and unique structure.

It is a pity that lawns, which should be a beauty and a joy forever—in summer time—are dying out for lack of water.

Mr. J. J. Stephenson has just finished a most perfect portrait of the late N. M. Thompson, which can be seen in Comstock's window.

The union school building is going to receive a new summer dress of fresh paint. W. W. Worden will superintend the dressing in his usual effective manner.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the chapel of the M. E. Church at 3 p. m. Tuesday. There will be a general discussion of the new temperance laws.

The railroads will sell return tickets from all stations to Ypsilanti, Aug. 2 to 5, inclusive, at one and one-third fare for the round trip, to accommodate all desirous of attending the races.

Sunday, the 17th with the thermometer up to 102°, will do to be handed down to history as companion to that cold New Years of '84, when the mercury all went down cellar and froze.

A lawn social will be given at the residence of Mr. Alva Worden, just east of Congress street bridge, to-morrow evening, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance. You are all invited.

A traveling salesman for one of the largest confectionery houses in Detroit, says he sells more gum in Ypsilanti than in any other two cities of the size together in the state. Oh Gum, here is thy victory!

The Ann Arbor and Toledo railroad will build a new depot in Ann Arbor this fall, at a cost of \$10,000. The shed now used as a depot by the road above named in Ann Arbor is worth about sixty cents.

Several of the leading horses of the celebrated I. A. Brown & Co.'s stable, of Kalamazoo, are at the fair grounds and will participate in the races next week. Senator Stockbridge is said to be the "Co." of the firm.

The third annual excursion under the auspices of the Methodist and Baptist Young Peoples' Societies will be given Aug. 17, to Detroit and a trip on the river. The fare will be the same as last year—for adults 85 cents, children 40 cents.

Owing to the absence from the city of the executive committee of the Business Association, the meeting called for Tuesday evening was postponed, and will be held next Tuesday evening, Aug. 2, at the First National Bank.

The lawn entertainment, at the residence of Mr. Champlin, on the east side, is to be given to-morrow evening, Friday, a mistake having been made in our announcement last week. It will be under the auspices of the ladies of St. Luke's church.

The Ann Arbor papers are throwing up their hats over the evident failure of the scheme to move the clinical department of the University to Detroit, and until further notice, will postpone their sugar and soap boycott on the merchants of the big city.

Why cannot that wood-yard on Congress street be turned into a neat little park. Strangers visiting this city often wonder why some provision for even a small park has not been made. Let's have one, somewhere in the city anyway.

Mr. J. M. Chidister carries his right arm in a sling. He attempted to box his cow's ears, but the pugilistic box turned her head just in time to catch the box on one of her horns, which penetrated Mr. C's hand to the bone. We presume he will argue with that animal in a different way next time.

The colored citizens are bound to have their hand come out in fine rainment, and for that purpose have solicited donations sufficient to enable them in carrying out their plans. Keep your eye open for a grand parade when the boys get on their swallow tailed coats, trimmed with big brass buttons.

It will be a Christian act to continue that stone pavement, on Huron street, right along up to the postoffice. We have seen many a good man, to say nothing of the others, look the biggest kind of a swear word, upon stubbing the newness off of his boot on the old plank walk that has outlived its life of real usefulness.

The Ypsilanti City Band will give a grand excursion to Put-in-Bay and return, Wednesday, Aug. 10th, on the steamer City of Cleveland. Fare for the round trip \$1.25; children under twelve 75c. Train will leave Ypsilanti at 7:45 a. m., city time. Boat leaves Detroit at 9 o'clock, giving excursionists over three hours at the island. Look out for future announcements.

The Ypsilanti Dress Stay Co. have had their Ever-Ready Stays patented in this country and Canada, and have applied for patents in England, France,

Germany and Austria. A partial conception of the magnitude of the business of this company is seen in the fact that they recently placed an order for fifty tons of the fine steel wire used in the Ever-Ready Stays.

Miss Rena Bowling entertained a number of her young friends last Thursday evening, at her home on Huron street. Miss Hough and Miss Walker and Messrs. J. C. Sherwood and Fred Bennett of Plymouth, Mrs. Taylor of Ann Arbor, Miss Alice Riley of Grand Rapids, and Mr. Charles E. Doe of Columbus, Ohio, being among the out-of-town guests present.

The handsome specimen of crayon work now on exhibition in the window of Rogers' book store, was executed by Mrs. Ella S. Spencer. The picture accurately represents Mr. Spencer's three children, and is her first attempt in the portrait line. Persons who may desire crayon work of any kind should examine the specimen referred to, as Mrs. Spencer is desirous of filling orders for such work.

The Library Association have still in their possession an unclaimed teaspoon marked L. B. and a fork. There are missing a tea-spoon marked Y. S. A. and a fork marked Osband. The ladies who loaned silver for the Normal Commencement dinner are requested to carefully examine it, and if they find that any exchange or other mistake was made in returning it, to report the same to Helen M. Post, chairman of committee on silver.

Our city, perhaps, isn't aware of all the musical ability contained within her walls; and it is only of late that a juvenile musical company, known as the Davis children's band, has been heard of to any extent. But we've heard 'em this week, and inquiry develops the fact that said band is composed of Masters Don and Willie Davis and their sisters Minnie and Maud. With a bit of musical training, no doubt, this small company would astonish the natives.

We run no risk of trespassing upon the limits of the improbable when we assert that there are three hundred mad dogs in this town. And we don't blame 'em. It is enough to make any well-disposed dog mad to be forced to face the world with a wire or a leather muzzle strapped over its head; through no fault of its own, but because of some dissipated cur in Chicago or Oshkosh being suspected of evil intentions. Our dogs are all right hydrophobically speaking, but they're disgusted with ordinance 33 and its enforcement.

Personal.

Dr. H. Van Tuyl and wife and son Harry are at Charlevoix, where they expect to remain until September.

Burt Childs is sojourning at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Leetch, former well-known Ypsilantians, but now residents of Webster, Dakota, are visiting with the many summer pleasure seekers from this city at Charlevoix.

Mr. J. M. Orcutt has removed from Palmyra, N. Y., to St. Mary's, Auglaize county, Ohio.

Mr. Charles E. Doe of Columbus, Ohio, spent last week here, the guest of Mr. S. J. Bowling.

Miss Alice Riley of Grand Rapids, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Nannie Sewell, during the past week, returned home yesterday.

Henry Bedford of Caseville, Mich., a student at the Normal last year, accidentally shot himself through the right leg, last Friday.

Mrs. E. W. Pate, of Wayne, is visiting with friends in this city.

Mrs. J. N. Eaton and children were visiting in Wayne last week, the guest of Mrs. E's mother, Mrs. J. W. Converse.

Will McAndrew spent Sunday here. Will has accepted the Hyde Park school recently referred to as having been tendered him, a twelve-hundred dollar salary being an inducement too strong to withstand. He is taking extra studies in Greek and Latin in Ann Arbor during the vacation.

Miss Ella Taylor left for Evanston, Ill., Monday, and will make an extended visit with relatives there and with friends in Rockford, Ill.

A. A. Graves went to Detroit on business Monday, but incidentally visited Recreation Park and witnessed the ball game. Graves is an admirer of the national game and one of the leaders in low prices for good groceries.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter T. McKinney of Jackson, the latter formerly well-known here as Miss Jessie Bellows, were recently made happy by the arrival to them of a nice little boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Bellows arrived here last Saturday evening and will probably remain until the opening of the fall theatrical season. Mr. Bellows has been re-engaged as a member of the New York Lyceum stock company, with increase of salary and more responsible duties attached.

Robert J. Stephens of Quincy, Mich., was visiting old friends and acquaintances here last week.

Mr. Thomas Neat and daughter, Bessie, spent last week in Detroit visiting relatives and viewing the races.

Mr. David E. Morford of New York City, a former resident of Ypsilanti, is here for a two weeks' visit.

Ralph and Harold Smith, of Newark, N. J., grandsons of Mr. A. D. Morford, are visiting here and will remain until the latter part of September.

Dr. Frank Edsall, lately settled in Detroit from Hamburg, N. J., spent Sunday here, the guest of his uncle, Dr. A. D. Morford.

Mrs. H. P. Manning left last week for Higganum, Conn., where she will make a six-weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. C. Childs.

Archie Foster, the colored member of the Normal class of '87, has been tendered a school in Cass county and will probably accept the position.

Merle Breed has decided to accept the Principalship of an Indianapolis school, recently tendered him. The situation is a very desirable one, and so is the young man it has secured.

Windsor MacKay, Cleary's artistic draughtsman, has returned from a short visit with his parents at Stanton. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Showerman are camping at Whitmore Lake.

Mrs. Fritz Glein, nee Mollie Bassett, has returned to her home in Johnstown, Pa., after a few weeks visit with her parents and friends here.

Miss Jennie Clements, of the Detroit schools, is a guest at Prof. Vroman's. Tracy Townner was in Saline Saturday last on business for C. R. Whitman.

Messrs. Fred Showerman and Geo. Bogardus spent Sunday at Devil's Lake. George Alexander spent several days of last week in Cleveland, visiting his brother, Chester.

Miss Rena Spencer, of Honesdale, Pa., is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. E. M. Spencer.

Prof. Bellows and Brooks have been supervising Prof. Sill's grounds, this week.

Mr. Perry F. Powers, junior member of the Ypsilanti publishers, is attending the annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association at Port Huron this week.

Mrs. D. L. Quirk returned from Chicago, Saturday night, where she had gone to attend the funeral of her four-year-old granddaughter, Madge Young-love.

Judge Joslyn and wife are in the city, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. C. B. Whitman.

Miss Ella Joslyn sang at a concert given under the direction of Prof. Cady at Ann Arbor, Monday evening.

A. A. Van Cleve, better known among his old Ypsilanti friends as "Gus," has resigned his position in the M. C. R. R. ticket department at Chicago, and has removed to this city, where he takes charge of the books of the Peninsula Paper Co. He has rented one of the new houses lately erected by Mr. Braisted, on Lowell street.

Will F. McCorkle, of Detroit, spent Sunday at the residence of his father, Dr. McCorkle.

Stanton Rowell, of the Ann Arbor Courier, is spending a month's vacation with his parents here.

Tommy Neat left Tuesday for Albion to take the position of clerk in hotel for our former townsman, Mr. Fred A. Cutler.

Miss Sadie Spears started for Cheboygan Wednesday for a few weeks visit. Mrs. Sarah Gurd and daughter are visiting friends in Canada.

Miss Ida Hayes and Mr. White were married at the A. M. E. Church Wednesday evening.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. Will McCullough has decided to move next week to Gladstone, Mich., where he thinks is a good business opening for him. We shall miss him and his pleasant family, but wish them the best kind of prosperity in their new home.

Mrs. A. C. Dunham and daughter are visiting Mrs. Lee Yost.

Miss Mary Walker has returned from a three weeks' visit in the country.

Miss M. Barnes of Detroit, is visiting at Mrs. L. A. Barnes.

A number of the friends of Mr. John Gunn, Grove street, "surprised" him Wednesday evening, and very pleasantly reminded him of his 46th birthday.

R. W. Hemphill will occupy the residence corner Huron and Cross as soon as Mr. Bowling vacates it.

Mr. Harry Janson who was a student Cleary's Business College, has gone to Topeka, Kas., to take a position as shorthand writer in an office.

Thos. Waldron, wife and children, of Dennison, Texas, are visiting Miss Louise Waldron.

Mr. E. H. Casler, who has been in the employ of A. H. Smith for the past year, left last week for a few weeks' visit at his old home, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield left Monday morning for a four week's trip and visit on the lakes and at northern summer resorts. Mr. Fairfield's pulpit will be filled next Sunday by Prof. Strong, and on the subsequent Sundays of his absence by Rev. Mr. Granis and Harold Sayles.

Harry Oberst is clerking for Fred Davis.

Prof. Pease and family are enjoying the cool weather to be found at Petoskey.

Herbert Hopkins has accepted a position with the Electric Light Co. at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Will B. Jansen, who has been visiting his friends in this city for the past four weeks, returned to Topeka, Kas., Monday evening, to resume his place as collector on the T. & S. F. R. R.

Mr. Chas. Mansfield, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Charles Barnes and family.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder and daughter, Florence, returned home Saturday, the latter being greatly improved in health.

Guy Davis and Charlie Glover paid the Base Lake camping party a visit last week.

Come to the Races

NEXT WEEK!

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,
August 2, 3, 4, and 5.

The first and best meeting of the Central Michigan Circuit, for 1887.

EVERY CLASS FULL—OVER 100 ENTRIES.

Admission, 50c. Grand Stand Free.

DON'T MISS A DAY.

First race called at 2:00 p. m.

NEW GROCERY!

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES.

In the rooms formerly occupied by Mrs. Martin as a millinery store, where

C. H. FOSTER,

Late of Albion, has put in a full stock of Choicest

STANDARD AND FANCY GROCERIES

Bought at bottom wholesale rates and cash discounts, and will be sold at prices as low as any house in the city.

Teas, Coffees and Spices a Specialty, and only the best goods in these lines handled. Country Produce bought and sold. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

C. H. FOSTER.

We are now in our

NEW BUILDING!

On Congress Street,

Where we will be pleased to see all our old and many new

CUSTOMERS.

We are confident we can make satisfactory prices on all goods in our line.

FLOUR, FEED, BEANS, SEEDS, HAY, ETC., ETC.,
Wholesale and Retail.

Cash paid as heretofore for all produce.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.

The Indian chief Seranos of San Jacinto, Cal., is thought to be 125 years old.

George Dougherty of Gettysburg, Pa., is 84 years old, and is still cutting teeth.

There is a hotel in Long Branch which furnishes accommodations to 1,000 guests.

George Gould has bought the title of "Prince of St. Louis" from the Italian Government.

The water-works now being erected at Helena, Montana, will cost the taxpayers \$500,000 before finished.

An Indian in a boat on Big Pine lake, Minnesota, saw a snake 30 feet long and as big around as a saw-log.

Queen Victoria's favorite dish is tapioca pudding. She is a sturdy eater and a fair drinker of claret and red wines.

It is a curious scientific fact that all the elements of the poison found in a rattlesnake are inherent in the common Irish potato.

The last of the Chesterfield (N. H.) centenarians has just died in the person of Mrs. Sophronia Pierce, who was in her 102d year.

Jerry Braddy, while working in a field near Middlebury, Pa., was once killed by a blacksnake 12 feet long and only killed it after a hard struggle.

Indian river, Florida, is said to be the straightest in the world. A straight line can be drawn through it for seventy-five miles without touching shore.

The oldest resident of Philadelphia is Mrs. Rebecca Applegate, who is 104 years of age. She has her beer and whisky as regularly as ever, and has always chewed tobacco.

One of the spryest old gentlemen of Schoolcraft, Mich., is Godfrey Knight, who has passed the century mark. He is exceedingly fond of sports, attends horse races, and is still a great singer.

William Widick and Mr. S. Smith, in breaking and planting a quarter section of pasture land northeast of Bethany, Monticello county, Ill., killed 100 muskrats, some of them very large ones.

John Preston died recently at Brownstown, N. J., aged 105 years. When he was 13 years of age he walked eight miles a day and cut cordwood. He never retired without his glass of applejack.

Mrs. Nancy Box, who died recently at her home near Leviston, Mifflin county, Pa., aged 80, was the mother of fourteen children, and leaves 106 grandchildren and eighty-four great-grandchildren.

Bret Hart was a book agent in 1849-50, and a good one when he would work, which was seldom. In 1865 he was "writing" condensed novels for the San Francisco Golden Era at \$5 per column.

Mrs. De Bare—"Don't you think, dear, that there is more individuality in female dress now than formerly?" Mr. De Bare—"Yes, dear, there is less dress and more individuality."—Texas Siftings.

Swinburne wrote a poem on "Children's Tears." If children's tears gave impetus to poetic grindings the slipper would soon become recognized as the sole of music.—Oskosh North-Western.

Among the presents at a recent Adrain (Mich.) wedding were eight pickle casters. This is just about enough to hold the pickles the couple will get into during the next two years.—New Haven News.

"Isn't there anything you would rather have than a dish of ice-cream?" he asked, as they emerged from the theatre. "Yes, George; two dishes of ice-cream," she murmured, softly.—Washington Critic.

A news item says that "the body of a Chicago Socialist was recently washed ashore." It was necessary. A bath-tub does not hold water enough to wash the body of a Chicago Socialist.—Norristown Herald.

"That is the last novel I shall ever read," said a gentleman, throwing the book down in disgust. "What's the matter, dear?" inquired his wife. "Doesn't it end happily?" "No, they were married."—Harper's Bazar.

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled at a sheet of paper. We don't doubt. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.—Christian at Work.

"Yes," said Dumley, "I only see my landlord when he comes for the rent. He comes promptly the 1st of every month." "And then you don't see him again till next month?" "O yes, I do see him often during the month."

Ville Beaumont, an exiled French Count who claims to be able to trace his lineage back to the time of William the Conqueror, is now earning an honest living in the office of a Pittsburgh architect, where he has the reputation of possessing rare ability.

A woodsman felling a tree on the battle-ground of Chickamauga, Tenn., the other day discovered an unexploded shell in the trunk. It was partly closed by over twenty years of tree growth, the size of the tree at the time the shell was fired being apparent.

Another feature which a woodsman would notice is a luxuriant growth of moss on the side of the tree and proving conclusively that the shot was fired from the south and hence by the confederates, as they held the southern position in the battle.

"I see, pa," said a young Hartford hopeful, "that a member of Parliament the other day said 'The honorable gentleman is a liar.' "And very properly, too," was the patronizing reply. "Now, how can an honorable gentleman be a liar?" "Simplest thing in the world. Now, I'm an honorable gentleman—" "Hold on, pa. Your logic will trip you up if you're not careful."—Hartford Post.

A small boy, swimming with others in the Erie canal, near Clyde, suddenly yelled with vigor that "something" had hold of him. He scrambled ashore, and the something proved to be a small snapping turtle, that had grabbed him by the leg. His beak had gone through the skin and some of the flesh of the boy's leg. These animals never let go their hold while there's life. In this case the jaws did not open till after the head had been cut off. The boy was very serious. The boy wrapped a handkerchief around his leg and started for home, carrying the turtle.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TEXT: We can not, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep.—[Genesis, xix, 8.]

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherd comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is:

Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.

It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about. But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect:

"We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We can not, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world. Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago, a Shepherd, with a crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong as music that rang through the ages:

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to this water!

Now a great flock of sheep to-day gather around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty, and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying:

We can not, until the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water the sheep.

This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 2,000,000,000 of the race. Do not let the Church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations:

Whosoever will, let him come.

Come, white and black. Come, red man of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning, at this well of salvation, Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out:

Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You can not bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased silver chalice. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and from any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out:

"Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me."

Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where is your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar:

The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified.

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth. So that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undimmed longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you.

You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said:

"At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meantime, I must tell you up to that time for the sustenance of my family."

And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript, and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Stewards, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day.

In the far East there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems. Indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says:

"All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours."

We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the Church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him:

"Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?"

"No," said the young man, "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long."

"Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises."

The young man thought a moment, and he came to the promise:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promise.

Come, also, to this gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view is of it at 40 or 60 or 70. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the hill, and you criticized in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart.

Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from the great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, then, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again?

"No," you say, as a Christian man. "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back."

Well, would you have your departed friends back again?

"No," you say. "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearful realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it."

Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out:

"Comfort, give us comfort."

For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said:

"Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

To lean on a prop for fifty years and then have it break under you! There were only two years difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say:

"Father, where are you going?" He would answer: "I don't know exactly where I'm going."

Always looking for something. Though he always was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years living together it was hard to part.

And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel; and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm, and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything in the well for you."

And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more."

I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you are of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He cares more of you to-day than he ever did because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, Jacob, and Paul the aged, be your God forever.

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth.

Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I am determined this morning that no one shall go out of this house uncomfited. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come on and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medication. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God.

De Quincy took option to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Roosevelt took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one says in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles."

Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence, no power on earth can break that taciturnity.

But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy.

In one group God and angels together, and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Longline of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess, and on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that deep well of heaven, the shepherd will dip reunion for the sick, rest for the weary, and then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel, the shepherdess, at the well in Mesopotamia.

It Didn't Work.

"No, sir," said a short fat man as he stood on the corner, "I don't believe in this 'ere countin' a hundred when you're mad. I tried it once."

"Didn't it work?"

"Work? Well, no, can't say's it did. We were standin' front of a hotel talkin' 'bout the Irish question when he up an' regular arguments you know. Says I to myself, 'Now I'll count a hundred, be all over it by that time, won't want to fight, everything lovely.' So I begins, 'one, two, three, four,' and so on. I was turned part way 'round lookin' up the street an' didn't know the man was getting madder every minute. I'd got along past eighty, an' was goin' on eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, when he picked up a chair an' welled me over the head with it an' yelled, 'Won't fight, hey? Well, I'll see.' I got part way up an' whack! came that chair again. Then I crawled off on all fours an' the man followin' a wearin' out that chair on me. It took two policemen to pull him off. You bet I never tried that plan again. Whenever I talk on the Irish question now I always grab a chair an' go right to poundin' without countin' a count."—Dakota Bell.

The Telephone Brings the Bad Out.

"But few people know how much hypocrisy there is in the world," said a young lady employed in the telephone exchange to a Journal reporter, "and of that few the persons who have the opportunity to hear all the telephone talk of a city the size of Indianapolis may be numbered. There are not many men in business in Indianapolis that I do not know like a book. I am not personally acquainted with more than a half-dozen of them, perhaps, but I know just what kind of men they are from hearing them talk over the telephone. I sometimes am horror-stricken at the language used by men who in society and among their friends are regarded as nice fellows. I have in mind many prominent church members who sometimes make the exchange girls who have to be listening blush with their talk over the wire. If there is anything bad in a man the telephone seems to bring it out, and a great deal is brought out of many who profess to be wholly good."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Ellen Wood, the authoress, left personal estate to the value of \$26,000. In her case novel-writing paid.

Fighting Fish.

The male stickleback is a prodigious warrior, and when he meets a rival of his own kind he engages with him at once in deadly warfare. Their battles, says Mr. Darwin, are at times desperate, for these pugnacious combatants fight on each other for several seconds, tumbling over and over again, until the bold and pugnacious as they are, however, it is only my lords who thus fiercely contend with one another. Their demure little mates remain always perfectly pacific, gentle and even tempered. With the rough-tailed stickleback, the males while fighting swim round and round one another, biting and endeavoring to pierce each other's scaled skin with their raised lateral spines or lances.

Small as they are, their bite is very severe, and inflicts a deadly wound upon their antagonist; and Mr. Noel Humphreys remarks that they use their lateral spines with fierce effect, so that he has seen one brave stickleback during a stout battle rip up his opponent from end to end, till the vanquished hero sank to the bottom of the tank.

It is during the moment of battle, and just before and after it, that the colors of all fighting animals become invariably most intense. The reason is plain; battle is joined during the mating season, and before the face of maidens and of dames; and, as in human tournaments, the ladies stand by to applaud the conquerors and to award their prizes.

They are themselves the prize of the encounter they stimulate. Besides, the highest physical vigor and the highest excitement bring out the greatest beauty of both men and animals.

The angrier you make a mandrill the more vividly tinted are his cheeks and callosities. The frilled lizards and flying dragons glow with all the brightest colors of the rainbow when you tease or annoy them. The turkey cock swells his crimson wattles and spreads his ruffled feathers to the utmost at sight of a rival or a mischievous foe.

There is a little hot-tempered fish known as *Betta pugnax* and kept as a sort of domestic pet by the Siamese (much as the Christian English gentlemen of forty or fifty years since kept fighting cocks) to display its prowess for the edification of the Mongolian intelligence. "When in a state of quiet," says Cantor, "its dull colors present nothing remarkable; but if two be brought together, or if one sees its own image in a looking-glass the little creature becomes suddenly excited, the raised fins and the whole body shine with metallic colors of dazzling beauty, while the projected gill membrane, waving like a black grill around the throat, adds something of grotesqueness to the general appearance."

In this state it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist. But both, when taken out of each other's sight, instantly become quiet. The fighting fishes, as the Siamese call them, are kept in globes like gold fish and fed from time to time with the larvae of mosquitos. The Siamese are as wild after their combats as the Malays are for cockfighting, and often stake large sums, or even the freedom of themselves and families.

The license to exhibit fish fights is farmed by the government and brings in a considerable revenue to the king of Siam.—The Cornhill Magazine.

A hen, half black Spanish and half game, has been doing a land office business in Rollo, Missouri. She laid her first egg on the tenth of May, 1886, and has continued to lay an egg every day since. She went to setting as soon as she had laid her first egg, and is still on her nest. She comes off every morning to get water and food and then goes back. She has hatched one egg a day except the first three weeks of her career. She has now been laying one year and is the mother and hatcher of 344 chickens, one-half pullets, and the other half roosters—and she still looks well.

A NEW ERA!

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The crystallized salts as extracted from grapes and fruit, a most wonderful product from Nature's laboratory; the greatest sovereign preparation ever placed before the American public.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS says that the mugwump confidence in Mr. Cleveland has been vindicated, and they propose to vote for him next year as against Mr. Blaine. All right. We are willing to go into the fight with the mugwumps against us, if somebody will please see to it that Dr. Burchard is muzzled.

THE NEW YORK TIMES says that one result of the recent Ohio democratic convention was to make certain the nomination of Cleveland next year. We are glad to know that the convention accomplished something, as the nominees it placed before the Ohio people will be easily defeated. Mr. Bohl, Chairman of the Ohio democratic central committee, a recent guest of the Ypsilantian here, informed a representative of The Ypsilantian that the nomination of Powell by the democrats was certain, and that the election of Gov. Foraker to succeed himself was equally certain.

THE CHAIRMAN of the Ohio democratic convention, held at Cleveland last week, in the course of his speech before the nominations were made, referred to the civil service law, and said: "Let us strike boldly and high, and demand of our party representatives to labor and vote for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the law." The platform adopted at the same convention "unqualifiedly indorses the administration of President Cleveland." Either the demands of the Ohio democrats are inconsistent with their indorsements, or they regard the President's civil service declarations as meaningless and insincere.

THE MICHIGAN CATHOLIC replies at length to our recent reference to the apologetic and flippant tone adopted by it, in giving an account of the disturbance of a Baptist meeting by Polish Catholics, and in its reply assumes a tone and style unworthy of the apparent standing given it by the endorsements of the Catholic Bishops of Michigan, printed on its editorial page. We have no desire to further refer to the matter, as we know by personal daily contact with Michigan Catholics that they are more inclined to resent intolerance even though it come from within the church they love and serve, than would be presumed from the language of the paper that assumes to represent them. The Michigan Catholic knew, or ought to have known, that it would be looked to with more than ordinary interest, after such an event as the disturbance under discussion, by those who desired to learn what the sentiment of the better class of Catholics was concerning such an offense. We hardly think that the paper would claim that its editorial on the subject was an expression of the best sentiment of the members of its church in this state, as such a claim would be an unjust reflection on the Catholics of Michigan, that could easily be disproven.

THE MARSHA'S Vineyard Herald, the receipt of which, through the kindness of Mr. Clark Cornwell, was referred to last week, contains a double-leaded dissertation on the cast-iron rules of the Catholic church and the tyranny of the Vatican as displayed in the excommunication of Dr. McGlynn, whom the Herald extols for "his refusal to sacrifice his honest belief and individual liberty at the command of men no wiser nor better than himself." So far as the case of Dr. McGlynn is concerned, such talk is simply nonsense. He disobeyed the rules and persistently opposed the doctrines and teachings of the church, and was dismissed from its membership, after every effort had been made by the Bishop of the rebel priest and the Pope himself to have him cease his opposition and preach in harmony with the doctrines of Rome. Dismissals for such reasons are being made constantly by every religious sect and church society, and to bombastically announce, as does the Herald, that "the Catholic church must fit her temporal matters to harmonize with these times of giant thought," is to display either bigotry or ignorance, or both, and leads us to suggest to the writer of such a declaration that he should fit his temporal information to the capacity of his giant head.

THE leading position in the August Harper is appropriately occupied by Miss Welch's paper on "The Neighborhood of the International Park," at Niagara, unfolding the unappreciated charms of natural beauty and historic association clustering around the cataract. She says, that "while hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Niagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the 'freeing of Niagara,' celebrated by New York State and Canada July 15, 1885, the river has experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveler may explore Niagara to where, actually freed from its high precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Ontario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-reading tells us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to artist, historian, and man of science." The reader is chaperoned through the most remarkable attractions, appealing to the historian, the geologist, and the pedestrian, by several romantic routes. The latest scientific version of the history of the gorge is also set forth, revolutionizing the time-standard for calculating the remoteness of the Glacial Epoch, which geology finds in Niagara, and reducing the estimated age of the Falls from 200,000 years to less than 20,000.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry.
P. H. DEVORE, Congress st.

A Nestling Village.

WINDSOR, Dane Co., Wis., July 18, 1887.
EDS. YPSILANTIAN:—Twelve miles from Wisconsin's capital on the Portage branch of the C. M. & St. P. road, "distant, secluded, still," the little village of Windsor nestles in the fruitful valley. I believe "nestles" is the correct word as it is the opposite of "hustle." In this age of booms, the few towns that simply nestle are a rarity, and when a man has hustled for eleven and a half months how good to go to a place that simply nestles for the other two weeks.

Windsor is the same quiet country place it has been for the past five-and-twenty years. No hustle, no boom, no saloon has desecrated its quiet rurality—surrounded by its broad acres of rolling prairie where luxuriant crops of barley, oats and corn wave; roads lined with rows of tall poplars; the ozone of its pure air, all induce one to linger and enjoy the rest which mind and body need, where the tired feeling seems to ooze away out of the pores, where one gets new views of the Creator's bountiful beneficence.

The farmers of Windsor are all intelligent and well-to-do, up to the times and men of mind as well as physique. I spent a quiet and restful Sabbath, went to the village church and heard a good sermon. The pretty little country church is surrounded by God's acres.

In a letter to THE YPSILANTIAN two years ago, I spoke of the tobacco crop of Dane Co., that the farmers were going into it extensively. I am happy to say that they have found that tobacco impoverishes the soil as well as the conscience; as long as it was only detrimental to the conscience, all right, but as soon as the soil was impaired it produced a great moral reaction, and so, tobacco is giving way to the legitimate crops of barley, oats and corn. I consider tobacco as one of alcohol's poor relations. I wish there was a prohibitory law against its use. Some excuse its use, as it is excellent to keep off vermin and mosquitoes. What a depraved appetite an insect must have to feast on the blood of a tobacco user! If I was compelled to go and live among the Cannibals I might learn to use tobacco, as I am quite sure it would deter them from eating me.

Let there be anti-tobacco associations all over the land, let the young men pledge themselves not to use it and the young women pledge themselves to have nothing to do with any young man who does, and "the weed must go." For a quiet, restful farming community, a quiet place to rusticate, give me Windsor, near to Wisconsin's beautiful capital with its matchless lakes, its fine University, its pure air and beautiful rivers, and where the Sunday School assemblies are held. E. R. E. C.

In Brief, And To The Point.
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.
The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.
Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things, which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.
But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.
Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle Seventy-five cents.

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Fine Custom Work Solicited.
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Prices reasonable and good work guaranteed.
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You need not soil your dresses. Dr. Kelly's
Medicated Arm Shield
will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

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H. P. GLOVER,
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Electric Sudor!
The only remedy in the world for sweating feet, swelling, burning or galling extremities.

Can be used as a summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galls, chapping, &c., &c.

Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.

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I trust my old customers will give me a call, and I shall be happy to see as many new ones as may be pleased to call.

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May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted my family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite improved.

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Phyllis, Kansas.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmaway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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Do you suffer from Biliousness? Do you feel that your food is not properly digested? Do you have a bad taste in your mouth? Do you have a headache? Do you feel dizzy? Do you have a constipated bowels? Do you feel weak and nervous? Do you feel that your health is declining? If you do, you need Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you of all these ailments, and give you a new lease of life.

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with introduction by MRS. LOGAN.

This Biography has been written by the author, Gen. Logan, himself. It is a full and complete history of his life, from his early days to his death. It is a book that will interest all who read it. It is a book that will give you a new lease of life.

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THE DIRT WE EAT.

Cheerful Report of the Government Chemist on Food Swindles.

Part I of Bulletin No. 13, Department of Agriculture, Division of Chemistry, now in press, treats of the adulteration of dairy products, and tells nothing new. Part II consists of the results of an investigation of spices and condiments and their adulterations, by Clifford Richardson. The extent of fraud in this direction in this and other countries is looked into and the results of the investigations of public analysts and boards of health collected and reviewed. The best means to employ for the detection of foreign substances, both microscopical and chemical, are explained, and the report will serve as a valuable means of reference for those engaged in similar work.

A large number of specimens of spices and condiments purchased in Washington and Baltimore in this connection have been carefully examined and analyzed. The results show the almost universal practice which exists of dilution of the pure spice with cheap or waste material, or the substitution of inferior goods. The more common adulterants were found to be, for this part of the country, yellow corn meal, cracker dust, colored earths or ochres, cayenne, mustard hulls and farinaceous matter of all kinds. Elsewhere ground refuse, coconut shells, peanut shells, oil cake, cow peas, cedar sawdust, olive stones and buckwheat are often found. Among eleven brands of mustard none were found which had undergone no alteration from the original seed.

In all but the English the fixed oil had been expressed, since it is used for many purposes and adds nothing to the value of the seed as a condiment. This, perhaps, cannot be classed as an adulteration. The commoner additions are flour and yellow cornmeal, with at times hulls of the white mustard seed, and color in the shape of turmeric or some coal tar injurious, but the more common adulterant is the mineral matter in at times added. Ordinary gypsum was found in two samples in large amount, and sand in another to a greater extent than could occur by accident. The latter brand contained four as well as sand, and was deprived of its oil.

Only one pure brand of pepper was found and that was of English origin. The cheaper varieties were made up of pepper hulls, yellow corn, burnt shells, cracker dust, woody fiber and cayenne to give pungency, all these materials being found in one specimen. Red pepper was made from yellow corn and a red earth, with sufficient cayenne for pungency.

Ginger is found in its original condition in many qualities. Then it is diluted with farinaceous matter, mustard hulls, corn and burnt shells, and is often colored with turmeric. Cloves suffer from the abstraction of the essential oil which gives them their value, and are adulterated with material of inferior nature, such as spent cloves and clove stems, corn, burnt shells and mineral coloring matter. Different grinders select their adulterants, and by the aid of coloring run them through many different colors.—Washington Cor. New York World.

An Indian Fakir's Trance.

Talking of "sleeping men," I was one day on my way to Dholpur, near Agra, and when halting to rest our horses heard casually of a "jogi" of some local celebrity who was in a neighboring town of mango trees. I walked over to the sacred shade, and there, standing upright against a pillar of rough masonry, was a fakir. Like all these saintly personages he was extremely dirty. His hair, worked up into rope ends with grease and dust, hung nearly to his waist; his body, stark naked, was painted with a gray pigment; but, to exaggerate the skeleton idea, the ribs, chest bones and ankles were "picked out" in yellow ochre. One eye was wide open; the other drooped a paralyzed eye lid. The mouth was wide open, and out of a corner were protruding several blades of corn. His hands were clinched and his nails, I was told, were growing through the palms of his hands. He had been, moreover—I am only quoting what was said—in the "trance" in which I saw him for two months. In spite of all that I have read and heard about these ecstatic jogis, I ventured to be skeptical.

I had offered an oblation of copper coins at the holy man's shrine, round which, in pious assemblage, stood a quantity of other offerings, kind—"little discs of wheat and oil." He may have been an impostor, but it struck me as a very dreary form of imposture indeed. All alone there, under the dusty trees, with the shrilling of the kites in one's ears all day long and at night the dismal company of rickaback jacks.—London Society.

Shooting into a Snow Bank.

Col. White's experiments on the resistance offered by a bank of snow to a rifle bullet, which were made at Ottawa, were most interesting. It was found that the Martini bullets fired into a bank of well packed snow were completely spent after traversing a distance of not more than four feet. Snider bullets, in hard packed snow mixed with ice, but not hard enough to prevent digging into it with a sheet iron shovel, did not penetrate more than about four feet; in perfectly dry snow, packed by natural drift, but capable of being easily crushed in the hand, a bullet penetrated about four feet, and in loose drifted, dry snow less than seven feet, though fired from points only twenty-nine or thirty yards distant.—Montreal Witness.

Nationality of Barbers.

Germans make the best barbers, and the great majority are of that nationality. Colored men are very proficient, and some men prefer them to a white man. I have seen Italian barbers, and of course you know there are Chinese barbers, but I never saw but one Irish barber. I had him in my shop five years ago, and he only stayed three weeks. He was very talkative, and rather insolent. He had a sort of policeman air about him, and was very fond of cracking jokes, and I have discovered that the customer wants to do all the joking while the barber does the laughing. Americans can't learn the trade, or rather they won't, because they consider it menial. They will do very well to sit at the desk and do the cashier act, but when it comes to lingering over a man's face, with the proper air of respect, they can't do it.—Philadelphia Call.

A gentleman who has been in the land from whence the white elephants are supposed to come says that in 1,400 years only twenty-two animals deserving this distinction have been captured. The first white elephant ever seen outside of its native land was exhibited 250 years ago in Holland.—Chicago Herald.

A statistician who has investigated the subject says that 200,000 pounds of butter are used in New York city every day.

Arrangement of the Rooms—Under the Shelves—The Hearth.

In 1807 William Hodge, Sr., built an addition to his log house in Buffalo and established a tavern, about which his son, William Hodge, wrote thus: "This noble mansion consisted of two rooms on the lower floor, with a wide hall between them. It had battened doors, naked peeled beams and windows of 7 by 9 glass. The north room was used as a parlor, sitting room, main kitchen and dining room. The south room was the more public one. There the eye was caught by large black letters on an unpainted door, telling the visitor to 'Walk in,' and there too was the 'latch string,' hanging on the outer side of the door. This room also contained the bar, which was partitioned off in one corner. 'Under the shelves stood the whisky and cider barrels, and on them were the kegs of brandy, rum and gin, and one or two kinds of wine, as Madeira and port. Maybe there was also there a keg of shrub or peppermint cordial, and occasionally one of medicine. Sometimes, in the proper season, the bar would contain a barrel of spruce beer, home made, of course. There was no larger beer in those days. The sugar box and money drawer were made to slide under the front counter board. The white sugar then used came in high, tapering, solid cakes called sugar loaves, done up in coarse brown or black paper. A few may yet be seen. The liquors sold at the bar were always measured out in the wine glass and gill cup, or in larger quantities when desired. 'Cider was sold by the pint or quart, red peppers being added; and in cold weather it was set upon coals and embers to heat. The mixed drinks furnished at the bar were termed 'slings,' and were made of sugar water and brandy, rum or gin, well stirred with the 'sugar stick.' Hot slings were made the same way, except that a hot iron was put in, to temper them, a slight sprinkling of nutmeg being regularly added. A 'sangaree' was made in the same way, using wine instead of the stronger liquors. Nearly all were as much in the habit of using these different kinds of liquors as beverages as people now are of using tea, coffee and even milk.

The Photographers.

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THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

Boston is the cultured city of the United States, but it has a reported population of 22,000 above 10 years of age who can neither read nor write.

The statue of John C. Breckinridge which is to be unveiled at the Lexington, Ky., in October, is now being cast in New York. Valentine is the artist.

The reports from the new gold discoveries near Ishpeming grow more strong with every lapshaped in the shafts and the gold excitement is at fever heat.

The Dallas (Texas) Post says the \$160,000,000 Northern capital poured into the South in the last year is the kind of filling with which to close the bloody chasm.

Mrs. Broomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, prefers to live abroad rather than at home. She is credited with possessing \$8,000,000 and the friendship of Robert Browning.

The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other State. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin rank next in order.

Mr. E. Gatchell, who owns a tract of mountain land in Cambria county, Pa., was looking over it the other day and came upon a cavern in which he found a bed of snow and ice three feet thick.

A sportive bull in Wayne, Neb., charged on the town fire engine while the machine was being tested. The boys turned the hose on the bull's eye, and, after four successive charges, the animal retired to the field thoroughly cooled.

Jay Gould has been asked to build a new church on the spot in the Catskills where stood the yellow church of his boyhood—the church where his father was a deacon and whom he served from Sunday sunrise till Sunday sunset.

The library of the British Museum now contains more than 2,000,000 books, which occupy three miles lineal of bookcases eight feet high. The library has increased to such an extent that the disposition of the books has become a serious difficulty to the authorities.

A syndicate bought ten acres of Ohio ground by small lots, but when they went to bore for natural gas it was found that the soil proceeded from artificial gas cleverly buried in a rubber bag. The owner of the land is now walking around with a big boodle in his pocket.

The United States flag was torn down from the postoffice at Provo, U. T., the day before the fourth, and at Tooele the flag on the liberty pole was hauled down by John Gillespie, one of the Mormon polygamists who has been in the penitentiary, and raised again upside down.

The railroad telegraphers will seek to have passed at the coming session of Congress a bill making it a penal offense for any railroad company to employ a telegraph operator to direct the movements of passenger trains who has not been granted a Government license.

Jacob Smith, of Dubuque, had twenty minutes in which to save stock from his burning grocery, and all he got out were seven wash-boards and a plug of tobacco. The rest of the time was taken up in explaining to his wife that there wasn't the least danger of the building being burned.

The clever wife of a professor in a Western college once wrote in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated housewife."

John Green (colored), now residing in Indiana, has brought suit for \$20,000 damages in the United States Court at Louisville against seven citizens of Hart county, Kentucky, whom he charges with "Klunking" him in July, 1886. He alleges the party took him into the woods one night and beat him severely.

According to a Denver dispatch, the cattlemen having cattle going north over the great cattle tract have decided to turn them back on account of the absolute absence of a market. Last year over 300,000 cattle were driven over this tract; this year but 70,000 have been started, and two-thirds of these will be turned back.

Juan S. Hart, editor of the El Paso Times, was gunning for Orth H. Stein and George B. Loving, editors of the Inter Republic. Stein and Loving were also looking for Hart. Hart, in his paper, said the editors of his contemporary ought to be in the penitentiary, and Stein and Loving confessed to their readers that Hart was a "poltron, cur," etc. Stein is well known in the West, where he was alleged to have done something not at all creditable.

Mormon missionaries have been actively and successfully at work among the ignorant classes in the vicinity of Augusta, Georgia. All other efforts to drive them out having failed, a band of "regulators" was recently organized with the distinctly expressed intention of applying tar and feathers to every Mormon they could lay hands on. This has had an excellent effect, for recently when the "regulators" scoured the neighborhood the game had fled.

Ren Baker of the Reed City (Mich.) Clarion, who has been rattling his bones and mildly swearing his delinquent subscribers, has hit upon the following unique method of dunning them through his paper: "There is a little matter that some of our subscribers have seemingly forgotten entirely. Some of them have made us \$5.00, but have not kept them. To us it is a very important matter; it's necessary in our business. We are very modest and don't like to speak about it."

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Forty-eight horses were burned to death in a fire at New York. The loss was \$30,000.

Nine buildings and their contents were burned at Owensboro, Ky., early Tuesday morning. The loss will exceed \$50,000.

The St. Anthony Elevator, near Minneapolis, Minn., the largest in the Northwest, was burned Tuesday evening together with 1,100,000 bushels of wheat. The loss is placed at \$1,075,000.

Fire in a Pittsburgh iron works destroyed \$150,000 worth of property, and threw out of employment two hundred men.

CASUALTIES.

Three miners were killed by an explosion in a mine at Nanticoke, Pa., yesterday.

The large Theodore Perry went to the bottom of Lake Erie last Saturday in a storm. Five persons were drowned. Only the captain and mate escaped.

The Memphis "cannon-ball" train on the Iron Mountain road was thrown off the track by running over a cow, the engineer, Alexander Hamilton, being killed, and the passengers being frightfully shaken up.

A terrific dynamite explosion took place at Streator, Ill. The explosive—a car-load of dynamite, just received the day before, stored in the magazine of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermilion Coal company, was struck by lightning. The explosion killed one man, James Ralston, injured many more, five of whom will probably die, and did much damage to neighboring buildings.

An express train on the Erie railway between Allendale and Hoboken, ran into a gang of Italian laborers at work ballasting on the railroad a little distance from a sharp curve, when the express rushed round the curve before the men had the slightest warning, and dashed through them, killing twelve or fifteen on the spot, and wounding many others.

During the exhibition of Sells Brothers' circus at Clinton, Iowa, four persons were shot by firearms fired by a band of "Wild West" performers. One man was killed, one woman fatally injured, and one boy and one of the performers were slightly hurt. By some inexplicable stupidity, the weapons had been loaded with balls instead of blank cartridges.

Edward Stroud, a colored boy, and a horse were killed at Iron Hill, Ind., by the explosion of a thrashing-machine boiler. While going for a doctor for his dying wife, Giles Luther, of Warren, Rhode Island, fell into a river and was drowned. His wife died as they were bringing his body into the house.

A special from El Paso, Tex., says: Close upon the heels of the news of the earthquake at Bavispe come the details of a still greater calamity at Baccaric, a town twenty miles from Bavispe. It had before the catastrophe 1,200 inhabitants. When Bavispe was destroyed the town was badly shaken up and most of the inhabitants fled. Since then the town of Baccaric has been visited by a succession of shocks that have reduced the whole town to ruins. Most of the people escaped, as they fled the country terror-stricken on the first disturbance.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

William J. McGarigle, one of the convicted Chicago "Boodlers" confined in the County Jail pending the disposition of a motion for a new trial escaped while visiting his home accompanied by the sheriff. He was granted the liberty of taking a bath and made good his escape.

Lee Shellenberger, the Nebraska man who killed his 11-year-old daughter, was taken from jail and lynched.

Mary Watkins, of Middlesex, Pennsylvania, had a dispute with her neighbor, Mrs. Thomas Jones, during which she threatened to shoot her, whereupon Mrs. Jones fell to the ground in a paroxysm of fright and died on the spot.

Mrs. Hattie Seymour, an aged woman who lived in Harrison Township, Vinton county, Ohio, was murdered by robbers, having been shot through the head and stabbed in the stomach.

The Green brothers, accused of the murder of Miss Mobett and other crimes, have been secretly removed from Logansport, to Michigan City, where they will be kept in the penitentiary until their trial. This move was made to protect the officers against mob violence.

Prisoners visited the vault in Springvale Cemetery at Lafayette, Ind., where the body of Miss Mobett, the victim of Amer Green, was deposited, and made the discovery that the girl's head was missing. The discovery has caused a sensation and given rise to various rumors.

A conflict of miners and sheriff's deputies took place at the Monmouth collieries at Greensburg, Pa., and fifteen men were driven from work. The sheriff has called on the governor for help.

Oscar J. Harvey, the forger of the home-claims bureau of the treasury department, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

At Oil City, Pa., late Tuesday night, John McNorny killed his wife with an axe and mortally shot his son. The police went to arrest the murderer, who turned on them and fatally shot Officer George James. Officer Worden then shot McNorny, who will die.

E. L. Harper, of Fidelity Bank notoriety, was transferred from Cincinnati Tuesday to the Dayton jail. It is believed that he was the recipient of too many special privileges.

INDUSTRIAL.

The carpenters' council Chicago Knights of Labor, are considering the question of ordering a strike. The prospects are that the conservative element will prevail, and that other methods will be employed for securing the concessions demanded from the bosses.

The Illinois weather service reports corn at about an average in every northern county except Putnam and Marshall, which will give about three-fourths of a crop. In the central division an average crop is promised, while in the southern division there will be from a half to an average yield.

It is estimated that the cost of the coke

strike to the workmen and employers was \$2,000,000.

WASHINGTON.

One hundred Missourians visited the President at the White House, and Mayor Francis of St. Louis extended to Mr. Cleveland an invitation to visit that city the first week in October. The invitation was accepted, but no date was agreed upon. Mr. Cleveland stating that he had made a prior agreement to go to Atlanta early in the same month. He also said Mrs. Cleveland would accompany him. Kansas City and St. Joseph will send delegations to Washington to invite the President to visit those cities.

The Washington Star says there is some talk of organizing the next Congress on tariff instead of party lines.

Upon the assumption that the causes of complaint have been removed, the Secretary of the Interior recommends the dismissal of suits now pending against prominent cattle companies in New Mexico for maintaining fences on the public domain, the defendants to pay all costs.

In an opinion on the alien act, just made public, Attorney General Garland holds that it applies to mines, as mines are real estate, but that aliens may hold stock issued by an American corporation now the owner of mines in the territories not exceeding 20 per cent. of the whole, and may contract with American owners to work on contracts, for hire or lease.

Secretary Whitney says that the tests of the Atlanta's guns are not very favorable, "but as yet no matters of great moment have turned up."

William R. Freer was yesterday appointed supervising architect of the treasury, to succeed M. E. Bell.

The president has received a petition from residents of Mineral City, on the neutral strip lying south of Kansas and known as "No Man's Land," regretting his failure to sign the bill annexing this land to the State of Kansas, and asking such action as shall protect their titles to possession.

Acting Secretary Mulrow of the Interior Department has rendered a decision according to married women the right to enter and purchase timber and stone lands under the law governing the sale of such lands in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Reversing the decision of Commissioner Sparks in a similar case.

The National Agricultural Department reports corn in a high average condition, nearly 98 per cent., with a heavy increase in acreage. In winter wheat there has been a decline in condition, more especially in Kansas and California, the average falling off being over 1 per cent. since the June report. The condition of spring wheat has been reduced nearly 10 per cent., the effect of drought and insects, the present condition being four points lower than for July, 1886.

The Secretary of the Interior has concurred in the recommendation of the Commissioner of the General Land-Office that a commission be appointed to make a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the condition of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain wagon road, the Dalles military wagon road, and the Oregon central wagon road, in the State of Oregon, "especially as to whether said roads have been constructed, and whether or not the certificates of the Governor of the completion of said roads were obtained by false and fraudulent representations, made by parties interested in obtaining said lands."

POLITICAL.

Governor Hill, Mr. Manning, W. S. Bissell, Cleveland's former law partner, and Dan Lamont were at Long Branch, recently, and rumor has it that they had their heads together concerning the fall campaign.

SPORTING NOTES.

League ball games Monday resulted: Detroit, 15; Chicago, 3.—New York, 11; Boston, 4.—Pittsburg, 7; Indianapolis, 6;—Washington, 2; Philadelphia, 2.

Ed Morris, the left-handed pitcher of the Pittsburgh club, has been sold to the New York nine for \$2,000.

The following is the standing of the League Sunday July 24th.

Club.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Detroit	65	41	24	.33
Chicago	64	39	25	.36
Boston	65	39	26	.35
New York	66	38	28	.33
Pittsburg	68	34	34	.33
Washington	61	25	36	.33
Philadelphia	64	25	39	.39
Indianapolis	66	19	47	.28

At London, Morgan, the New York bicyclist, broke the record for a quarter of a mile, covering the ground in 33½ seconds.

The rifle contest for the Kolapore cup at Wimbledon was won by the English team by a score of 910. The Canadians were second with a score of 663.

In a four round fight at Hempstead Beach, L. L. Tuesday morning, "Billy" Deacy, the Brooklyn light-weight, knocked out "Jack" Hopper, who remained unconscious thirteen seconds.

The Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association began its ninth annual meeting at Grand Rapids, Mich., Wednesday. The junior single race was won by William Watt, of the Molins Sylviens, in 14:07½; previous record, 14:24. In the junior pairs, Detroit won in 14:24; previous record, 15:05. In the junior doubles, Port Huron won in 13:38½; previous record, 13:52½. In the junior four-oared race, the Owashtons crossed the line in 12:27; the previous record was 12:43½.

At Trenton, N. J., Tuesday, Dr. W. F. Carver, the celebrated rifleman, broke 1,000 glass balls in forty-one and a half minutes, lowering his previous record four minutes.

GENERAL.

Fewer cattle are arriving in the Chicago stock-yards, and prices have advanced 30 to 40 cents per hundred pounds during the last week. Hogs are 10 to 15 cents higher, owing to meager receipts.

A flow of natural gas has been struck in a well at Lincoln, Ill., that had long been abandoned.

The Northern Pacific crop report for last week is generally favorable. Rains have fallen almost every day, and the wheat in almost every section looks well.

A gas well of moderate flow has been struck near Frankfort, Indiana.

A movement is on foot to provide for the speedy admission of New Mexico as a state, by adding to it all of Texas west of the Pecos river. New Mexican Emis-

aries will soon start through Texas, and more particularly to Austin, for the purpose of creating an impression favorable to the scheme.

A special surveying party of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, have reported a route to the Pacific Coast between the lines of the Central Pacific and the Atlantic and Pacific Railways, the line being drawn through low passes where little grading would be necessary. The road, if built, would render available the rich mineral region of Pioche county, and cause a silver boom for Nevada.

Texas fever is rapidly spreading among the cattle in Washington and Montgomery counties, Kansas, and farmers and stockmen are losing heavily.

Natural gas in good quantity has been struck at Howell, Mich.

Texas fever is spreading in Will county, Ill., a number of cattle in hitherto uninfected regions having died recently.

A tornado in Cheboygan and Presque Isle counties, Mich., is reported to have leveled vast quantities of pine. The roads in all directions it is stated, are blocked by fallen trees.

The rumor of the death of Stanley, the African explorer, is denied. He is known to have left Arumwi July 3 for Wadell, the headquarters of Emin Bey. July 3 is a long time after the date of his reported death.

The Gambrinus assembly, of Milwaukee, has formally withdrawn from the Knights of Labor.

Pittsburg, Pa., was visited by a water spout causing \$100,000 damages by flood. Two and a half inches of rain fell in less than two hours time.

President Robert Garrett has written a letter saying that the Baltimore and Ohio deal, about which so much has been said, has reached an unsuccessful termination and is declared off.

The natural waterways convention is in session at Sault Ste. Marie. Over four hundred delegates are in attendance. The main object is to get an appropriation from Congress of \$7,000,000 to improve the Hay lake channel.

A syndicate of New York gentlemen are said to be negotiating for the purchase of the property of the Saratoga Racing Association, valued at about \$1,000,000.

Fifteen horses of the Third Avenue Surface Road at New York were recently poisoned, presumably by strikers, and detectives are working on the case.

A frightful mortality among children in Pittsburg and Allegheny is reported. Within six weeks 1,137 deaths have occurred, 75 per cent. of which were under 2 years old.

Considerable excitement has been created in Atlanta by the introduction, by William Glenn of Whitfield, of a bill in the Legislature making it a penal offense to educate white and colored children in the same institutions. There is a clause in Georgia's Constitution against this, but much attention has never been paid to it. Three of the employees of the St. Lawrence, Canada, sugar refinery, which was destroyed by fire, are missing, it is thought they perished in the flames.

The tollist of persons killed by the heat in Chicago numbers one hundred and sixty-five.

A second tornado visited Baltimore, Md., unroofing houses and destroying trees.

Near Joliet, Ill., Tuesday, Morrizz Eckhart blew the top of his head off. In his room was found anarchistic documents, a stand of arms, and other things that led the coroner's jury to believe the suicide had been a dangerous character.

FOREIGN.

By the loss of the steamer John A. Law rence in the Bay of Bengal, 800 lives were lost, mainly pilgrims of the best families of Bengal. There is scarcely a native family in Calcutta which does not lament the loss of a relative by the disaster. Terrible storms swept over the Bay of Bengal for nearly a week, with disastrous results to shipping and attended with great loss of life.

The seines and boats, with all the crew of the schooners Col. J. H. France and Argonaut, were seized Sunday off East Point, Prince Edward Island, by the Dominion cutter Orford.

A tribe friendly to Egypt attacked the Mendits under Osman Digma, near Kassala, recently, when a battle ensued, and twelve hundred were killed.

It is the general opinion in Vienna that Prince Ferdinand will inform the Bulgarians sent to persuade him to take their throne that he doesn't want it.

Metz is reported to be the center of much military activity. Forts are being enlarged, troops are being drilled constantly, and experiments are being made to see what destruction can be effected by throwing dynamite from balloons.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.	
BEVERS—EXTRA	4.30 @ 4.50
Choice to Good	3.85 @ 4.25
Fair to Good	3.50 @ 4.10
Feeder to Medium	3.15 @ 3.50
Native Grasses	2.85 @ 3.50
Fancy Cows and Heifers	2.60 @ 3.15
Fair Cows	1.75 @ 2.50
MILK COWS—per head	20.00 @ 40.00
Hogs—Range	5.10 @ 5.40
Swamp—Range	4.75 @ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	71 @ 74½
CORN—No. 2	35 @ 36½
OATS—No. 2	25 @ 26
Low Grades	20 @ 24
CHEESE—Full Cream	10 @ 15
Butter—Choice Creamery	16 @ 18
Low Grades	15 @ 16
EGGS—Fresh, per doz.	11 @ 12

NEW YORK.	
BEVERS—Best Native Steers	3.75 @ 4.75
SHEEP—Range	4.00 @ 5.50
HOGS	5.05 @ 5.35
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	81 @ 81½
WHEAT—No. 2, White	45 @ 46
OATS—No. 2, White	29 @ 29½

ST. LOUIS.	
BEVERS—Choice Natives	3.85 @ 4.30
HOGS	5.20 @ 5.40
SHEEP	4.15 @ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	71½ @ 72
CORN—No. 2	35½ @ 36
OATS	25½ @ 26

MILWAUKEE.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	71 @ 71½
CORN	35 @ 36
OATS	29 @ 29½

TOLEDO.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	74 @ 74½
CORN—No. 2	38 @ 40
OATS	29 @ 30

DETROIT.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	74 @ 74½
CORN	40 @ 43
OATS	29 @ 30

INDIANAPOLIS.	
BEVERS	3.50 @ 4.50
HOGS	5.25 @ 5.50
SHEEP	4.00 @ 4.50
WHEAT	70 @ 70½
CORN	35 @ 36
OATS	25 @ 26

BUFFALO.	
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	70 @ 74
CORN—No. 2, White	33 @ 34
OATS	29 @ 30

INDIANA ELECTION CASES.

One of the Gang Secured by the State as a Witness Against His Fellows.

An Indianapolis special says: Samuel E. Perkins, accompanied by his counsel, appeared before Judge Woods as one of the defendants in the tally-sheet case, and, upon entering a plea of guilty, was fined \$50 and costs. Judgment was suspended for the time being, and Mr. Perkins will be used as one of the Government witnesses in the prosecution of the remaining defendants. Other defendants are desirous of making their peace with the Government if the punishment is not too severe. The alarm has been spread to outsiders who heretofore have escaped Grand Jury attention, but against whom the Committee of One Hundred have been quietly gathering data to be used as soon as the present cases were disposed of. Three of these men in particular would be only too glad to have the investigation stop right here, even if their friends already under indictment are punished for their share in the same business. Perkins is the man who gave much of the information to the grand jury upon which the indictments were found, and it is understood that he has been guaranteed immunity from serious punishment if he should tell in court all he knows about the matter. This afternoon the trial of the conspiracy cases against the other defendants, all of whom were in court, began before Judge Woods and a crowd of spectators. The first twelve men of the special venire of sixty were sworn and put in the box. About thirty talesmen were called before the jury was completed.

Judge Woods briefly addressed the jury, giving careful instructions as to their conduct, and cautioning them not to speak with any one concerning the cases, and telling them to report at once to the court in case they were approached on the subject by anybody. The jury will be lodged in the Federal building, and will not be permitted to separate. The court then adjourned until to-morrow.

BLAINE AT KINGHORNE.

Said to be in Failing Health—His Speech at the Unveiling of Alexander III's Monument.

A press dispatch dated at Kinghorn says Mr. Blaine is ailing and that he is half determined to abandon his Summer trip to Paris and the Stanley Club entertainments. He attended a gathering at Kinghorn, the occasion being the unveiling of a monument, of the gift of Earl Elgin and Mr. Nelson, of Edinburgh, in commemoration of the tragic death of Alexander III, whose horse made a fatal plunge over a crag in the dark. At the unveiling of the monument Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Blaine were called for by the crowd. Mr. Carnegie declined to speak, but Mr. Blaine came forward and said:

"There is something contrary and repellent out of place at first thought of a republican being engaged in raising a monument to a king [laughter], but second thought recalls that King Alexander III. came to his end before America was discovered. We are, therefore, practically all in the same boat [laughter and ears]. For my ancestors on my father's side were then just as good Scottish subjects as the ancestors of any of you. If they had remained so, as I said recently to an English gentleman, and if the ancestors of other Scottish gentlemen had remained so we do not know what might have become of your nobility. [Laughter.] We gave them all a very great chance by allowing them to escape to America after the affairs of '15 and '45."

"But joking apart, I am profoundly gratified that I am standing before a Scottish audience; for if a republican be asked to sympathize with the progress of Scotland in the great things in literature, art, and great works which promote the welfare of man, you will find that you have as much sympathy beyond the ocean as the with the frith of Forth. [Cheers.] I am always glad at home or abroad, to recount with pleasure and pride that I inherit Scottish blood."

STORMS OF HAIL AND WIND.

Much Damage Caused in Miami County, Indiana.

The details of a terrific storm come from Wabash, Indiana. It began in Miami county and traveled northeast, passing completely through Wabash county. The track of the storm was about three miles wide and it traversed a farming region. All vegetation were mowed down in its path, including great numbers of forest trees. Many buildings were unroofed and fences leveled. The hail fell in sheets, the stones being as large as walnuts. The oats which had not been harvested were thrashed out, the stalks being beaten into the ground. Corn was riddled, even the ears being beaten off. Fruit of all kinds was ruined, apples being cut in two by the frozen pellets. Chickens and turkeys which had been caught in the storm were found lying dead by the hundreds with badly bruised bodies. Cattle were considerably injured. The storm is almost identical in damage to the great hailstorm which visited this section in June, 1886. It has followed an excessively dry and hot season. The loss in Wabash county

THE CROW.

"He niver plants, but he always rapes,
A careful watch from the tree he keeps;
He's at work in th' field whin th' farmer
slapes.

"Whin th' blash o' spring is on th' corn,
An' th' grane blades wave in the breezy
morn,
He laugs th' scarecrow there t' scorn.

"He says, whin the farmer crosses the lot:
'While I'm full o' corn, I'm not full o'
shot;
And divil's th' hair o' ye but I'll spot.'

"Like a polished stone shines his jacket
nate;
He flaps in the air, and he's light on his
fate;
Wid his head full o' fun an' his skhin full
o' mate.

"He can't sail like th' hawk up agin th'
blue sky,
But, then, be me sowl, he's exceedingly
fly;
Fur he'll steal yer eye-spawns while ye're
winkin' yer eye.

"He can't coo as soft as th' brown turtle
dove,
His 'vice wasn't med' t' be singin' o'
love;
But ye'll hear him caw as he's flyin'
above."

—[Amos F. Cummings.

GLOOM AND GLEAM.

I have my times all dull and gray,
When life crawls maimed and slow,
And not a sunbeam marks the way
Which I am forced to go.

But I have times—God sends them me,
And on them sets his seal—
When every moment laughs with gleam,
And I smile into woe.

And then I mount on airy wings
Which quiver in the sun;
I look on all these men and things,
And love them every one.

Or else I climb up at my will,
With hope and gladness shod,
Until I stand upon the hill
Wrapped in the arms of God.

God sends them me and makes them
mine,
And takes them then away.
I could not, if I would, repine
When times are dull and gray.

—[Good Words.

THE BOWSER'S.

"I think we had better go away for
a couple of weeks," observed Mr. Bow-
ser a few evenings since as we sat on
the steps.

"But why? Our house is nice and
cool, and we don't seem to feel the
need of a change."

"Oh, we don't eh? That shows all
you know about it! If you had half
an eye you could see that baby is suf-
fering for a change. You are looking
like a saffron-bag around your mouth,
and I am just dragged out myself.

"We shall go to the country."

"But our rooms are so cool, and we
can buy whatever we want to eat."

"Cool rooms! You wait until you
strike a country bedroom and you will
call this house a sweat-box! As for
living—yum! yum! Think of cream,
fresh eggs, yellow butter, fresh straw-
berries, old fashioned biscuit, delicious
coffee, fresh breezes, mown lawn hay,
ripe cherries, etc., etc."

I supposed we should have a week
at least in which to get ready, but Mr.
Bowser only gave me a day and a half,
and he even begrudged half a day of
that. He telegraphed to the landlord
of a country hotel on the banks of a
small lake, and the most I could do
was to tumble about a bushel of things
into a trunk and tie on my bonnet.

We got out there by train. That is,
we got within six miles of the place.
Mr. Bowser had been in such a hurry
that he didn't ascertain particulars.

It was only after he had bargained
with a teamster to take us to the lake
for three dollars that he found that
the lake was not on the railroad. He
looked a little gloomy over it for a
spell, but finally showed me his \$9
fishing outfit, and after awhile forgot
any unpleasantness in viewing the
country.

We saw a farmer cutting wheat.
We saw three crows.
We rode over three miles of cause-
way and three of dust.

We saw as many as five barns.
We met a barefooted boy.
We saw a dead horse.

If we met or saw anything else I
can't remember what it was. Mr.
Bowser drew in deep draughts of what
he called the elixir of life, and quoted
poetry about the plow-boy and the
lowing kine, but I guess he was glad
when the ride ended. The sun had
burned the back of his neck as red as
fire, he was all dust and dirt, and the
causeways had tired him out. We found
the hotel a very picturesque affair.
It was half log and half frame. I
can't say whether it was Queen
Anna or Tom Collins style, but it was
probably one or the other. The land-
lord had given us a room in the log
part. He knew that we sighed for
the picturesque, and he was willing
we should have it. It was a room as
much as eight feet long and five feet
wide. There were red peppers and
may weed and seed corn and onions
hanging to the rafters, and the great
cracks in the floor were partly filled
by a rag carpet. There was a cracked
looking glass of the Noah's Ark
period, a bedstead which had come
over on the Mayflower, and a rheu-
matic old stand made in 1776 held up
a tin wash dish and a blue pitcher
without a handle.

"Is this the et al., Mr. Bowser? I
asked as I dropped into the only chair
with baby and looked around.

"Do you want the earth?" he roared
back. "What do we come to the coun-
try for? Do we expect to find places
out here? I tell you, this is the most
picturesque, romantic spot I've seen
in twenty years, and I propose to put
in two months here!"

I finally got baby to sleep, made my
toilet, and then went out with Mr.
Bowser to view the neighborhood.
There was a lake.

It was almost forty rods long, and
almost twenty rods wide.

There was a postoffice and a black-
smith shop.

There were two hay-stacks, a ruined
saw-mill and a lame horse.

That was all, and I returned to the
hotel while Mr. Bowser went fishing.
We had supper at 6 o'clock. The
landlady rang three bells. The first
was to notify us that we could expect
supper; the second was that supper
was being prepared; the third that
supper was ready. Between the dif-
ferent bells Mr. Bowser picked the
burs off his pantaloon, rubbed some
ointment on his neck, and said to me:

"We all feel the change already. I
haven't seen you and baby look so well
in six months, while I have the appe-
tite of a horse. I think we'll put in
three months here."

When we went in to supper we
found knives and forks without han-
dles, cracked plates and a table cloth
with seven holes liberally and artifice-
ally distributed throughout its length
and breadth. The tea might have
been sage, or it might have been cat-
nip. The biscuits were yellow with
salaratus. The butter was white in
the face and tasted of the last genera-
tion. There were some fried eggs,
but they had scared a setting hen off
the nest to get them. The milk in the
pitcher had turned. It probably be-
longed to the Turner Society. Mr.
Bowser tried to stuff himself in order
to carry his point, but it was no use.
He might have restrained himself un-
til morning had I not said as we re-
turned to the bed room:

"As for living, yum! yum! Think of
cream, fresh eggs, yel—"

"Yes, think of it!" he roared, "Who
got me out here! Who was whining
about the pure air of the country—
finding fault with our table—com-
plaining of our 14x18 bedroom! You've
succeeded in dragging us out here,
and now I hope you feel better!"

We sat on the veranda and fought
mosquitoes until 10 o'clock and then
went to bed. It was a bedstead with
a cord in it, and it was a straw bed
on which we slept. There wasn't a mos-
quito bar at any door or window in the
house and we were hardly in bed be-
fore the pests pitched into us. Seven
different times before midnight did
Mr. Bowser get out of bed and light
the tallow dip and attack the enemy.
He was getting out for the eighth time
when the cord broke and we all went
through to the floor. Then we got up
and sat up the rest of the night, catch-
ing cat-naps between the bites. We
might not have known when day
broke, except for the kindly interest
taken in us by a stray hog. The beast
crept under the house, and the space
was so small that he lifted the boards
under our feet with his back. When
we felt the boards lift we knew that
another day had dawned upon the
picturesque locality.

We left the hotel before breakfast
and were home to dinner. Mr. Bowser
seemed very much occupied with his
thoughts on the way home, and when
we finally entered the house he turned
on me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can
bear a great deal before losing my
temper, but I want to give you fair
warning right here and now that I
want no more of your nonsense! The
next time you mention country to me
—the next time you drag me out to
another excursion of this kind—I shall
be justified in—"

And he kicked the trunk, pitched
his fishing tackle into the back yard,
and went out to get some cold cream
for his blisters, burns and bites.

CITY LIFE.

Julian Ralph says in a letter devoted
to the life and temptations of young
women in the great city of New York:
"The kindest advice to give a girl is
Punch's old rule, 'don't,' if she asks
whether to sink herself in the cruel,
turbulent channel of metropolitan life,
and yet who can withstand her argu-
ments if she refers to such precedents
as the list of successful singers, act-
resses, dressmakers, milliners, autho-
resses, and women in commercial life
presents? Hettie Green was born rich,
but Edith Kingdon was poor; Mrs.
Connelly, a milliner here, has made a
half million dollars, Miss Middle Mor-
gan is the leading live stock reporter
on the continent; well to do authoress-
es are plenty; a type writer girl of ten
years ago now maintains six establish-
ments down town, the superintendent
and the cashier of the largest ladies'
store in town are both women; nearly
all the buyers in all the large Brooklyn
stores are women; at least two dozen
female physicians are highly prosperous;
Ella Wilcox captured the metropolis
before she came to it, and when she
visits it is feted and idolized. But
the list is too long. Don't come,
young women, no matter how many
have prospered—but if you insist on
it bring \$100 in your pocketbook and
a hopeful spirit and iron determi-
nation in your soul. We New York-
ers all bend our backs to whomsoever
insists upon climbing over us."

How Young Cossacks are Trained.

A splendid idea was given of what
the hardy Cossack race really is by two
whole regiments, or twelve sotnias, of
boys, about 1,400 strong, from 9 years
old up to 14, drawn for the occasion
from all the stantissas or settlements of
the Cossack territory. Mounted on
lean, shaggy native horses and wield-
ing huge swords, bigger than them-
selves, and lances eight feet long, they
formed the most wonderful infant
cavalry ever seen. These boys can
already ride at a headlong pace, cling
on to their stirrups like monkeys,
and pick up handkerchiefs from the
ground as they career along. His Im-
perial Majesty, who arrived at the
saluting point at 10 o'clock amidst
tremendous cheering, was greeted by
these youngsters as they rode by in lines
of sotnias two deep, headed by their
choirs, singing Cossack songs to the
beat of tambourines. Their swords and
lances were found rather too unwieldy
for such children, so they were taken
away just before the ride past.—*Rus-
sian Letter.*

Little Helen, 3 years old, cut her
thumb; she kept very quiet about it,
until it began to bleed, then she
screamed: "Oh mamma, mamma,
mamma! come quick, the gravey's all
running out."

The same little girl, with her papa,
mamma, and little brothers, was spend-
ing one summer at her grandpa's.
One day at dinner, grandpa, having
so much larger family than usual,
was somewhat absent-minded and
waited on all except Helen. She sat
quietly back in her chair and said
rather demurely: "Poor little girl!
Poor little Helen."—*Babynod.*

An Irish Bull.

A German was passing along Broad-
way the other day, when one end of
an overhanging sign came loose and
struck him on the head. "Oh, I'm
dead!" exclaimed the man, but when
he found he was still alive he added:
"If it had hit me I would have sued
the owner."—*Nyack Journal.*

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

SUMMER NOON.

The air is full of soothing sounds. The bee
within the honeycomb's hummed cell,
In monotone of mellow measure tells
His yet unshared joyance; drowsily
The swallows spill their liquid melody
As down the sky they drop, and faintly swell
The tremulous tinkle of the far sheep bells,
While wind-harps sigh in every crowned tree.
Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie,
Upon their tips a merry harvest time;
Knee-deep within a neighboring stream the
kine
Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine;
And like a dream of olden Arcady
Seems the sweet languor of the summer noon.
—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE QUESTION.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies,
Shall the lost hands in ours be folded?
With the shut eyelids ever rise?
O friends! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our souls, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth;
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.
Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some times their hands may close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.
—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Worry crushes out the finer sensibili-
ties of the heart and leaves it dry and
barren, then life becomes a dreary tread-
mill and hope hides behind the clouds
of disappointment until we see nothing
but a desert of waiting before us. What
if the clouds are dark, there is always a
silver lining; if not, make one. My
motto is this: Never to let anybody or
anything spoil my life or spoil it my-
self by dwelling in the shadow when
Summer is so near. Words of sym-
pathy coming from a friend go a long
way toward lightening the load of care
that falls to some of the weary ones of
earth. Then why should we withhold
them? If we cannot be happy it is no
reason we should make others unhappy.
Cultivate a cheerful spirit, and very soon
another guest will find an entrance
through the door of the heart—content-
ment—and when we let that in its twin
sister—happiness—will soon follow.
It is selfish to be unhappy when there
are so many needing help. We should
be strong for others who are too weak
to be strong for themselves, and are
overwhelmed by the trials and tempta-
tions of life. Many a woman's life is
crushed like the wayside flower by one
who should be a protector and friend.
For such my heartaches, and sympathy
is ever awake. If we look about us we
can see so many bruised hearts needing
words of hope and cheer that the petty
trials will vanish like mist in the sun-
shine.

RASPBERRIES.

It is a pretty general rule to let
the raspberry canes take care
of themselves. Never was there a
greater mistake. Years ago when we
depended on the delicious hardy
kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Fran-
conia, and even Hudson River Ant-
werp, the need of covering them with
soil in the Autumn and uncovering in
Spring induced extra care in remov-
ing superfluous canes and tying up the
remainder. Now, this is precisely
what the hardy varieties need. Go
over the rows, thin out, head back and
supply proper supports. For the lat-
ter stout stakes driven in the ground
about six or eight feet apart, with nar-
row strips fastened lengthwise, enable
us to tie the canes securely. A liberal
supply of good rotted manure forked
in around the roots when the ground
becomes sufficiently dry will almost
certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

The advice is sometimes given to cut
off all buds from the base of currants
and gooseberry cuttings, but such extra
care is a waste of time, as the bark of
these fruits is filled with adventitious
buds that are on the alert to start into
life. And all, what good purpose does
this practice serve? Our hot Summer's
sun exerts a deadly influence on the
naked stems. Nature is opposed to the
tree-form of these bushes but may not
be forced to follow our fancies. On the
Centennial Grounds at Philadelphia
in 1876 a foreign exhibitor endeavored
to introduce these standards, and al-
though the novelty of the thing caused
large sales the scheme collapsed after
plants had been tested. Currants and
gooseberries should be grown in bush-
form without trimming, save the re-
moval of a dead, unhealthy or superfluous
shoot. They require plenty of
rich food, and are the better for a slight
mudch all Summer long, say of long
table manure.

TYROTOXICON.

A year ago we gave an account of the
new poison tyrotoxin—which has been
isolated from cheese, and also de-
tected later in ice cream which has sick-
ened a New Jersey picnic party. Dr.
Vaughan, the discoverer, was experi-
menting with this substance at the Michi-
gan University not long since—evapor-
ating it over the fire—when he dis-
covered that it was as explosive as gun-
powder under heat. Fortunately he
had set the vessel down for an instant
as the explosion took place, or he would
have lost his sight.

GOAT KEEPING.

Professor Long, of England, advises
working people to keep a goat, because
it can be kept more cheaply than any
other animal and will yield a profitable
return in milk. He thinks the expense
of maintaining one would not exceed
\$5 a year, while it will eat almost any
kind of food and yield from time of kid-
ding and for six months from one and a
half to two quarts of milk per day,
worth at least eight cents a quart.

THE JUNE RETURNS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OF WASHINGTON INDICATE A REDUCTION OF NEARLY 2 PER CENT IN THE AREA OF WINTER WHEAT. THE SPRING WHEAT AREA HAS BEEN ENLARGED 6 PER CENT FROM INCREASE OF IMMIGRATION AND FARMING WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE DISTRICTS TRAVERSED BY THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. THE TOTAL AREA OF WHEAT IS ABOUT 37,000,000 ACRES, A FRACTION OF 1 PER CENT MORE THAN THAT OF THE PREVIOUS YEAR. IN THE CONDITION OF WINTER WHEAT THERE IS NO MARKED CHANGE, THE AVERAGE BEING 83.9, A REDUCTION OF NINE-TENTHS OF 1 PER CENT.

The condition of Spring wheat is good
in Dakota and territories Westward, but
below average records in Wisconsin,
Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. The

general average for Spring wheat is 87.3,
which is lower than in recent years,
but thirteen points higher than in 1881.
At harvesting last year the condition
averaged 80.

The area of Winter rye has been di-
minished over 6 per cent, mainly by a
large reduction in Kansas. Condition
is better than that of wheat, averaging
88.9. An apparent enlargement of the
barley acreage of 3 per cent is indicated.
Condition averages 87, strictly being
above that of wheat.

CURRENT NOTES.

Cut off the heavy leg feathering of the
Asiatic in Winter, but do not pull out
the feathers, as others will grow on the
legs again.

Professor Stewart reports the feeding
of 104 cows on an acre of corn in the
milk, and it gave them full feed for
four days, equal to 416 days for one cow.

The fresher the egg the smaller the
air-sack in the large end, and when
cooked the stale eggs can be peeled like
an orange but the contents of a fresh
egg adhere to the skin when hard-boiled.

Sour sauce—One cup of sugar, half a
cup of butter, one even teaspoonful of
flour, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar;
beat all well together; pour over it one
pint of boiling water, and let it come to
a boil. Spice with nutmeg to taste.

Snow drop—One cup of butter, two
cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, one
small cup of milk, three full cups of pre-
pared flour; flavor with vanilla and nut-
meg. Bake in small round tins. Those
in the shape of fluted shells are very
pretty.

Finely-ground bone is cheaper, in
proportion to the amount of phosphoric
acid contained, than superphosphate,
but is not so immediately available as
plant food. It is best to mix one-third
superphosphate with two-thirds ground
bone on heavy soils.

Professor Johnson, of Michigan
Agricultural College, writes to the
Rural New Yorker: "The college silo
was built in 1881, as an experiment.
After these years of experience we are
fully satisfied as to the value and econ-
omy of silage as an auxiliary fodder."

The rose bugs, which Colonel Pearson
speaks of as devastating Vineland, are
now feasting on Delaware peaches to
an extent that will shorten the crop
materially. A letter from Secretary Wil-
liams gives a gloomy account of the
advance of this pest through New Jersey.

An English paper speaks of the silver
bell tree—halasia—as a neat, small tree
or large shrub from twelve to twenty
feet in height. We have seen it in the
mountains of North Carolina attaining
the dimensions of a timber tree. One
measured specimen girthed 109 inches
and stood straight as a gun-barrel
with the first limbs forty feet from the
ground.

Mr. Cooper of Coopersburg is one of
the breeders who is disposed to chal-
lenge the Holstein men in view of their
elation over success at the New York
Dairy Fair. Mr. Cooper proposes to
take five daughters of Pedro and match
them against any five Holsteins in a
herd of sixty, the number of his own
cattle. An account is to be kept of
everything fed, and the butter sold to
some first class firm. Each owner is
to be credited with the sum re-
ceived and the one obtaining
the greatest net earning is to take
\$1000. Mr. Cooper is after the cow
that gives the largest quantity and best
quality of butter and milk for the food
consumed.

This picture, drawn by the editor of
that excellent paper, Mirror and Farmer,
is not a cheerful one to contemplate.
He says: It is a hard, patent fact that
something must be done to enable the
farmers of this state (New Hampshire)
to carry on their business with better
results than they are now able to do
or our farming towns, with few excep-
tions, are doomed to depopulation.
Taken together, the farmers of New
Hampshire have not made a dollar for
the last five years. Their farms are
constantly depreciating in value, and
every year they find more difficult to
make the ends meet. Many of them
are in debt, and while many have the
savings of former years invested so
to make them independent they are add-
ing nothing to their accumulations
from any balance from their farms.

HINTS AND HELPS.

By assorting the eggs, separating the
dark from the light in color, a higher
price will be obtained for both lots.

A ton of wheat worth \$28 removes
about \$7 worth of plant food from the
farm. A horse grown to serviceable age,
and worth \$200, removes \$6 worth, and
a ton of butter, worth \$500, removes
sixty cents' worth. Which crop is most
profitable?

Caramel cake—Take same as for
cocoa-nut cake. Filling—One cup of
sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half
cup of cream; flavor with vanilla; cook
to a thick syrup, and then spread be-
tween the cakes.

To clean mica: Take a little vinegar
and water and wash the mica carefully
with a soft cloth; the acid removes all
stains, and if a little pains is taken to
clean the corners thoroughly and wipe
them dry, the mica will look as good as
new. If the stove is very hot, tie the
cloth to a stick, and so escape the burn-
ing of the hands.

The greatest drawback to dairying is
that the dairymen buy their cows and
do not raise them. Under such a system
there can be very little improvement,
while the average yield of milk can-
not be increased. Under the system
now practiced two cows are kept where
one would suffice if she were of an im-
proved breed. Yet the opportunities
for improvement are within the reach
of all, as a single male will change the
characteristics of an entire herd in a
few years.

The wise poultryman sends his yel-
low-legged fowls to market, as such
are preferred, but the dark-legged
fowls he uses on his own table, in which
respect he secures an advantage, as the
best table fowls do not have yellow
legs.

It is better to give the hens warm
water three times a day than to keep
vessels of ice-water before them all the
time. Cover the floor with dry dirt or
sawdust, in order to absorb the damp-
ness from the feet, thus adding to the
comfort of the poultry house. A dol-
lar's worth of tarred paper placed on
the walls of a poultry house to keep out
the cold will return its cost tenfold in a
few weeks.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Did Not Rob Him.

The romance of highway robbery is
perhaps the most signal triumph of the
novelists. There is nothing more
romantic about it, outside the pages of
the dime novel. But there are some
true stories of success in overcoming
the rascals who live by plunder that
have in them the dash of true romance.
What could be better than the follow-
ing?

Lord N— was at one time travel-
ing through a portion of England in-
fested by highwaymen. He deemed it
better to trust his money and valu-
ables during this part of the journey
with his servant Thomas, a faithful
Scotchman, than to take them with
him in his carriage; and his confidence
was well placed as the sequel will
show.

Thomas was on horseback, several
miles in the rear of his master's car-
riage, with his saddle-bags well laden
with gold.

As he was cantering along through
a stretch of wood he was suddenly ac-
costed by a robber who, pistol in hand,
commanded him to hand over his gold
or take the consequences.

Thomas stopped his horse and said,
"Dinna shoot, mae mon. The gold is
yours. I dinna claim it any ways, for
it's my master's. Ye can take it. I'll
not hinder ye. It's in my saddle-bags."

With true Scottish calmness he sat
quiet while the robber dismounted and
removed the saddle-bags of gold.

"I dinna ken what I'll tell my mas-
ter," Thomas said, gravely; and then,
as if a bright thought had come to
him, he added, "Would ye mind put-
ting a ball through my coat to show
my lord? 'Twould look as if I dinna
yield too lightly."

The highwayman laughed good-
humoredly, and declared himself ready
to comply with this reasonable request.

So Thomas, with evident simplicity,
took off one sleeve and held it up for
the robber to fire at, which he did,
completely off his guard by the other's
apparent innocence.

But the instant he had fired,
Thomas's demeanor changed. In the
twinking of an eye, now that his as-
sailant was for the moment disarmed,
Thomas had his own pistol pointed at
the astonished highwayman, who had
little expected this turn of affairs.

"Now, mae mon, said Thomas, with
a different ring in his voice, "put the
gold back whence ye tuk it."

The discomfited highwayman, see-
ing certain death in the resolute eye
gleaming out at him from beneath the
bushy shock of red hair, hastily com-
plied, and then would have edged
away.

"Dinna ye try to escape me, mon,"
cried the now aroused Thomas, "or
'twill be the war for ye. Walk ye
there before my horse an' we'll con-
tinue our journey."

The brave Scotchman took his pris-
oner to the next town and delivered
him over to the proper authorities.

Youth and Health.

Each period of life has its own ex-
posures and its own morbid tenden-
cies. In the case of the old, however
vigorous the constitution, the physical
machinery sooner or later stops from
its inevitable wear. It can no more
run forever than a clock can, though
it has within itself a wonderful, yet
limited, power of self repair. Old age
has also tendencies to arterial degener-
ation beyond those of any other pe-
riod of life.

The exposure of middle life are due
mainly to excesses—in food, pleasure,
care, and anxiety, or in work of brain
or muscle. They ought to be few
deaths within this period.

But youth, including childhood and
infancy, has more liabilities than both
of the above periods combined. With-
in it much more than half the race die.
Even in some communities where the
laws of health are best understood,
one-third of all who are born fail to
pass their fifth year. Much of this
mortality, however, is due, not so much
to the necessary fatality of childish
disorders, as to the ignorance of
mothers and nurses and to inherited
weakness.

Teething effects a dangerous dis-
turbance of the system, especially of
the stomach, bowels and brain. Ex-
treme heat, which, to adults, is mainly
a discomfort, renders the child greatly
liable to dysentery and cholera infan-
tum.

Since no safe substitute has yet
been found for the natural milk, and
many mothers either can not or will
not nurse their children, multitudes of
infants lose their lives from lack of
the proper nourishment.

Children have a special susceptibility
to many infectious diseases; measles,
whooping cough, scarlet fever, and
diphtheria. The susceptibility, except
in the case of diphtheria, is largely
lost after the age of twelve or fifteen.

In youth the recuperative tendency
is strong; hence, sinful indulgences
seem harmless; but the harm is merely
out of sight, for it really affects the
centre of life—the brain and the ner-
vous system. The effect of tobacco
on the heart is fearful, and all similar
habits arrest growth and the best de-
velopment. Such habits are far more
dangerous for youth, in their physical
consequences and

